

Paper Planes

I got scratch and paper like planes
And I get more juice than Jack Lalane
My goal in life is a bank roll fat
Cuz if it's clackety-clack, I'm taking all of that
Break yourself for your bling and your ring
Matter of fact I'm taking everything
I break all these suckas, I don't care where they from
Cuz I'm gonna be rich by the time I'm done
If your in the beast, ya better pack heat
Cuz if you don't you're gonna find me
Creeping up behind you just to remind you
That if you cross me I'm a have to blind you
And now that I have you in my sight
Give me your cash or it'll be your last night
Do you really wanna die over some paper
That's what I thought, no watch me vaper

Break

Some people slang to get they scratch
But me, I'm all about the smash
I always come up like Donald Trump
Cuz I got my barry and my pistol gripped pump
Just my shadow makes people run see
Why, cuz I'm taken all their money
Some folks think they cn last
But the whole beast knows I aint 'fraid to blast
Occasionally I leave a live one so
People know how it goes in the 5.1.0.
Other wise known as the land of the beast
Where we're all about stacking them g's
With my barry in my hand, I'll make you understand
That I'm bout 1,2,3,4,5 grand
If you get me twisted, I'll put in work
And your gonna be a face on a t-shirt

In the Ghetto

...that's where I learned to be a man, see
me, my folks, my whole ghetto family
where I learned to scrap and scrape
learned how to bust a gat and push weight
it don't matter what you heard
cuz in the beast, it's ten rocks for a bird
but life's not just about grindin'
it's about all the paper that your findin'
be it smashin' or loot
come out your pockets and take off them boots
in the beast that's how we roll
from east 14th to san Pablo
and hilltop to eastmont to foothill
and all the way on back to rumrills
I ain't afraid because I'm married
To the game and my two barry's
Ready to bust off at any time
And when they run out, I got my nine
If worse comes to worse I got my shank
Cuz at the end of the night, I'm getting my bank
That's my 9 to 5
Cuz living in the beast, it's hard to survive
Everybody's getting that cash
Cuz we got the whole bay on smash
You wanna know where to find, me!
In the heart of N.C.B.
That's where I earned my stripes
The street general with the skin that's white
But, this aint about me
It's about the B.E.A.S.T.
Shady 80's and murder dubs
And parchester and acorns, we got love
Oak-town, b-town, and the rich
In the bay we runnin' this shit